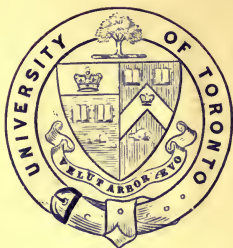


PR
3991
A6P6
1856



The J. C. Saul Collection
of
Nineteenth Century
English Literature

Purchased in part
through a contribution to the
Library Funds made by the
Department of English in
University College.

Saul

A N T I - M A U D .

~~15~~
~~Adm~~

ANTI-MAUD.

BY

A POET OF THE PEOPLE.

~~~~~  
SECOND EDITION ENLARGED.  
~~~~~

381344
—
4.6.40

LONDON:
L. BOOTH, 307, REGENT STREET.
1856.

TO THE READER.

“Anti-Maud” is not merely a *jeu d’esprit*, but something besides of a more earnest character. More than this the Author thinks it best not to premise, but would take this opportunity of disclaiming any intention of depreciating the Laureate’s poetry, yielding as it does, for the most part, ever-new delight to all who have realized its beauty, and felt the grasp of its power on their hearts. “*Amicus poeta, sed magis amica veritas.*”

PR

3991

A6P6

1856

A N T I - M A U D.



1.

I hate the murky pool at the back of the stable-
yard,
For dear though it be to the ducks and geese, it has
an unpleasant smell ;
If you gaze therein at your own sweet face, the
reflection is broken and marred,
And Echo, there, if you ask how she is, replies, " I
feel very unwell ?"

2.

For there in the muddy slush a moistened body was
found,

A lap-dog I gave to my wife—Oh, Pompey, who
would have thought it!

Swollen and decomposed, and trampled into the
ground,

With the collar around its neck, which it wore on the
day I bought it!

3.

Did he drown himself there? Who knows? For there
had been strong competition

Between an old parrot and him to obtain their
mistress' love;

And he growled and snarled all day, with scarcely an
hour's intermission,

Like a door that creaks on a querulous hinge, each
time you give it a shove.

4.

And well I remember 'twas only a few nights ago,
As I mused o'er my beer at supper, and thought it
extremely small,
The stifled whine of a fav'rite dog was heard in the
kitchen below,
And sharp as a two pronged fork the parrot laughed
out "Pretty Poll!"

5.

Knavery somewhere? Whose? You'll find in the
Laureate's book
That we're all of us knaves, knaves, knaves, in the
lower classes and upper;
And my poor little dog, as 'tis said by the crabbed
old cook,
Dropped gorged from the shoulder of lamb which
was meant for the servant's supper.

6.

Pompey, my joy and my pet, which struck all the
beggars aghast,

Pompey, the dread of my friends, which snarled till
they gave him a kick,

Pompey, the bore of the village which yelped at each
carriage that passed,

Pompey, which playfully bit my wife's little toe to
the quick !

7.

Dead, dead, Sir, dead. Bury him deep enough
without fail,

Lest his ghost should haunt me every night, and
rudely disturb my rest,

Dismally moan at the side of my bed, and wag a
sepulchral tail,

When the daisy is winking its eye, and Orion
sprawls in the West.

8.

And am I not—am I not since become foolishly
maudlin, grimly splenetic?

Will any one tell me what I must do, to give my
spirit some ease?

Calomel, calomel, Sir, will do it—or maybe a salt-
spoon of tartar emetic ;—

Well, well, let me have out my say, and then I will
take what you please !

9.

Shall I weep if my wine-merchant fail? Shall I
shriek if my butcher break down?

Or the schoolboys at Rugby or Harrow be governed
by rod or by birch?

I can't make a crooked world straight. We must
all of us look to our own,

And let him whom we don't like to name, catch all
who are left in the lurch.

10.

The grub which was munching your wheat is
munched, in its turn, by the rook,
The gnat which has bitten your nose, if you catch it,
falls crushed to the floor,
The goggle-eyed, gluttonous carp, makes a leap at
the worm on the hook,
And is rather astonished than pleased to find himself
hoisted on shore.

11.

Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? Bloody
war is a holy thing.
The world is wicked, and base, and vile—shall I
show you a new kind of cure?
Smeared with blood and with parents' tears call for
Moloch, horrible King!
Let him trample to dust, with a brutal foot, whatever
remains of good or of pure!

12.

For I trust, if the low-browed rogue with a ticket-of-
leave from the gaol,
Encountered the sergeant recruiting, in rainbow-like
ribbons arrayed,
He would clutch the Queen's shilling with glee, and
draining the dregs of his ale,
Declare that the sack of Odessa would be quite of a
piece with his trade !

13.

Wanted, a quarrel to set the world straight, and cure
it by letting of blood !
We are sick to the heart of ourselves, I think, and
so we are sick of each other :
Rapine, and carnage, and rage would do us all
manner of good ;
Let Christian rise up against Christian, and brother
take arms against brother !

14.

Alas! since I pondered in grief on the corpse of
my martyred dog,
The cells of my brain are dark. I think not, I
feel not aright,
But peer at the world and its ways through a sickly
November fog.
Let me brush it away whilst I can, and let in the air
and the light!

15.

The world is wicked, and base, and vile—How was
it before the peace?
Was it well in the good old times when savage war
was abroad?
Did no one cheat in the glorious days? Did no one
plunder or fleece?
Was the libertine checked in his foul career? Was
the merry Atheist awed?

16.

Methinks there was crime, black crime in the heart
of the land,
A dare-devil selfish spirit, a spirit lying and base,
Haunting the wretched minds of men who would not
understand
How the just God waited calmly until they had run
their race ;—

17.

Watched and waited during the night, till the dawn
of another world
Should smite with its cold clear light on the culprit's
shivering brain ;—
The mystic curtain of life for ever and ever be
furled,
The awful goodness revealed at length,—the terrible
guilt made plain !

18.

Who cared for the dear ones of Christ, the sickly and
starving poor,

When the scent of blood-dripping war hung faint
on the skirts of the wind ?

Like rotting sheep that crawl o'er the fog-bound
swampy moor

Nibbling rushes and snakepipe, so they wasted and
pined !

19.

To take up the cause of the poor, what was it but
Jacobinical ?

Rich and respectable classes were not to be robbed
of their pleasure ;

Worldly, incredulous, selfish ; heedless of others, and
cynical,

Bloated swine in a perfumed sty so they wallowed
at leisure.

20.

Is it not better now—after a forty year's canker,
A forty year's canker of blessed peace which has
 given us life and hope?
Do the choking weeds of lust and pride shoot faster
 now and ranker?
Or has not the wholesome grain found a freer soil
 and scope?

21.

Under the shadow of peace something was done
 that was good;
We tore out a bloody page from the book of our
 ancient laws;
We struck off a bitter tax from the poor man's
 scanty food,
And Justice bent down from her seat to give ear to
 the poor man's cause.

22.

Under the shadow of peace thickly began to a rise
Many a home for the working poor, many a school
and church ;
Little it may be, but better than roasting our
enemies' eyes
With Captain Disney's patent, or sacking the town
of Kertch.

23.

Under the shadow of peace, the fetters fell from the
slave,
As dead leaves fall from a tree at the touch of an
autumn storm ;
And we ceased to maltreat, as a worthless fool or a
knave,
The Christian who broke with the Church on a point
of doctrine or form.

24.

By the tranquil voices of Science and Art millions of
minds were taught ;
By the wide-working wheels of Commerce millions
of mouths were fed ;
Little it may be, but better than burning the stores
we had bought,
And making a bonfire of Russian wheat which was
meant to make English bread.

25.

There is much remains to be done, by thought, by
word, and by deed,—
But a truth is present to cheer us, raising us up
from despair ;
We have feebly groped for the right ; we begin to
know what we need :
We dimly see through the shows of the world, how
poor and naked we are !

26.

We were ignorant once—'twas the good old time
of the wars,—

We were busy, and little inclined on such sorry
matters to think;

We let out the fighting on niggard terms to soldiers
and kidnapped tars,

And smothered our cares and fears with mouthfuls
of victual and drink.

27.

We were ignorant once; we seem to be now less
blind;

We have had some leisure for thinking—leisure for
seeing and feeling,

For were we not something better—better in heart
and in mind,—

Should we hear a Laureate Poet to a nobler sense
appealing?

28.

He feels in himself a touch of the age, he breathes
no diviner air,
Child of the times he borrows his cue, and is neither
better nor worse ;
Pity was stirring the hearts of some, and the Laureate
takes his share
In the work begun, and the quickening faith which
strives to abate the curse.

29.

Who clamours for war ?—Is it one who is ready to
fight ?
Is it one who will grasp the sword, and rush on the
foe with a shout ?
Far from it ;—'tis one of a musing mind, who merely
intends to write ;
He sits at home by his own snug hearth, and hears
the storm howl without.

30.

I grieve that a noble soul should trudge on a beaten
road,
And a voice that can move the heart, a vulgar
war-whoop swell ;
Hounding his brethren onwards, urging them on
with a goad,
To the smoking field of death, where the combatants
close with a yell.

31.

The widow kneels in a darkened room, stunned by a
sudden woe ;
Weep if you can,—weep and pray : there is One who
is mighty to save ;
She hears her little ones laughing, laughing and
prattling below ;
Quiet and cold their father lies, far-off in a bloody
grave.

32.

There in the by-lane foul, where the air and the
water is bad,
And fever is never away,—mother and child are
crying for food;—
Drown the clamour with drums and fife! The
sinews of war must be had—
Money and men, money and men; the poor man's
earnings, the poor man's blood!

33.

Plenty of work to be done in the filthy and crowded
street,
Where the light of the gin-palace flares in the hollow
eyes
Of the girl, who has pawned her shawl that her
starving child may eat,
But turns aside for a penn'orth of drink, to comfort
her ere she dies.

34.

Plenty of work, where the children stare through the
workhouse gate,
Crushed and stunted in body and mind, and doomed
to steal or to beg ;
Hatched into mendicant life by the blundering care
of the State,
Fatherless, motherless children, paupers and thieves
in the egg !

35.

Plenty of work to be done. But how to be done and
by whom ?
Men's hearts are angry and hot. We feast upon
warlike scenes.
We listen all day for the clash of the bells, and the
cannons' triumphant boom.
Our hands are full. We have wasted our wealth. We
have neither the time, nor the means.

36.

Fever, and famine, and plague are a fine corrective
check

To the growth of a growing race which threatens to
be too poor,

But if some of the boasted skill and the wealth which
we had at our beck

Could have saved but the life of a little child, did we
well to withhold the cure?

37.

Who are the friends of the poor? The men who
babble and prattle

About the Balance of Power, and the pomp and
grandeur of war?

Thousands of miles away from the rush and the roar
of battle,

Sipping their Seltzer and Hock, and smoking a mild
cigar?

38.

Who are the friends of the poor? The writers
without a name,
Who scribble at so much a column, whatever the
editors please,
Working the many-mouthed bellows which blew up
the war to a flame,
And pleading for rapine and blood, whilst they
lounge in their clubs at their ease?

39.

The horse-leeches' cry is for blood. Let the soldiers
rot in the trench,
Let them tumble in heaps, split and crushed by the
screaming shell,
Let the poor starve by inches at home, in the heat
and the stench
Of a plague-stricken town—so the war is pushed on,
—all is well.

40.

What are we fighting for now? We have put the
Russian to rout,
Bearded him in his den, and swept his seas far and
wide.
We have passed a strong hook through the Muscovite's
snout,
Drawing him homewards—drawing him back o'er
the Pruth that he passed in his pride.

41.

Methinks we have done enough for that turbaned
goat, the Turk,
Who spits when a Christian meets him, and would
spit, if he dared, in his face ;
Methinks we have done enough, for 'tis but a thank-
less work
To rivet with care on a beautiful land, the clutch of
a barbarous race.

42.

The sword is red to the hilt with blood. Widows
and orphans weep.

Grief in the North, grief in the South, from the
Ural range to the Ukraine plain,

For an army laid low in Crimean earth under the
blood-stained heap,

Which day and night for twelve long months we bled
and we toiled to gain.

43.

Methinks we have done enough, for the sake of a
statesman's whim,

Floundering onward, drifting downward, reeling and
staggering to and fro !

Our foot is on shifting sand, and the heavens above
us are dim,—

Close the eyes and clench the teeth,—whither and
wherefore, who can know ?

44.

Let the Czar relax his hold on the Turco-Christian
race ;
Let the Czar withdraw his grasp from the throat of
the Danube river ;
Let the Czar be pledged to maintain the Turk in his
ancient place ;
Let the Euxine sea be free to the fleets of the West
for ever.

45.

Methinks that this were enough ;—but those political
worms
That work in the ground and burrow,—the sickening
curse of the nation,—
The statesmen, as they are called, would haggle
about the terms,
And din in our ears, from morning till night, the
cuckoo clamour of “Limitation !”

46.

Whether they wag a saucy tongue, or stealthily
work with the pen,
There is blood on the heads of those who are fanning
the flames of war ;
Blood on their heads, and blood at their doors ; the
blood of our own brave men,
The blood of the wretched serfs who fight for their
Faith and their Czar.

47.

Fling the dice with an eager hand. We will stand
the chance of the throw.
If we gather our stakes, what then ? Will it be for
our woe or our weal ?
Shall we rise from that ghastly strife better off than
our shattered foe ?
The festering wounds of a needless war sink deep,
and are slow to heal.

48.

Set the peaceful town in a blaze. Smite the Muscovite
sore.

'Twill goad him perchance to revolt. He may turn
in despair

On his Czar, and destroy all he loved in his blindness
before,

Till an "infant civilization" sink to rest in a wild
beast's lair.

49.

Blow up the dockyard. Shell the fort. Burn the
fisherman's boat.

War swallows up little and great. We cannot afford
to be nice.

But the shock of each blow which we aim at our
foeman's throat

Thrills through the heart of each English home. We
may win, but what is the price?

50.

The future is dark. But, methinks, in the depths of
the cloudy space,
The spectral shapes of a mighty host sweep the skies,
and rush
With the rapture of eager hate to the shock of a
foe's embrace ;
And angrily over the vault of Heaven spreads and
glows a blood-red blush ;

51.

Sounds of anguish come on the gale, sounds of
mourning and woe.
Millions arise in their wrath. They claim what they
deem their own.
Midst the wreck of a thousand homes, and a throne
laid low,
We sit and gaze on a world that is waste, and reap
the storm we have sown.

LONDON;
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

PR
3991
A6P6
1856

Anti-Maud, By a poet of the
people 2d ed., enl.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
